Loyalty Triumphant:

OR,

A POEM

ON THE

Numerous Loyal Addreſſes

TO HIS

MAJESTY.

1 July. 1681.

Ouſe up my *Muſe*! For, How in ſuch a Cauſe,
Canſt thou be Lazy, or admit a Pauſe?
Why do not Words flow faſter than thy Ink,
Or forward Verſe, ſcarce give thee leave to think?
Thy Pen in ſuch a Cauſe ſhould Pregnant be,
To Write thy Fellow Subjects *Loyalty*:
Subjects that dare in ſpight of Faction ſhow,
How much they to the beſt of Princes owe;
That dare in ſpight of all the Politick Crew,
Who would the People, and their KING ſubdue,
Be truly *Loyal*, *Honeſt*, *Juſt*, and *Good*,
Four things the Others never underſtood;
Or if they ever did, have long forgot,
Since firſt Sedition in their Hearts took Root.
Their Leaders Soul, as well as Eyes, do ſquint;
And could we ſearch his Heart, the Devil's in't:
He ſeems in ſhew, as *Loyal* as the beſt;
But a full Fury Lodges in his Breaſt.
Ambition, that Curſt Fiend that fain would Tread, Earl of Shaftsbury.
Once more upon his Royal Maſters Head:
Nor are his Followers behind in Zeal,
T'advance the ~~Good~~ Old Cauſe, and Common-Weal.
Reading the *Votes of Parliament*, I found
The KING with Honeſt Men encompaſt round,
Who for the publick Good, did Wiſely Vote,
That He for *Tangier* ſhould not have a Groat;
At His own Charge He muſt the War maintain,
Or *Tangier* might be Loſt, for He in vain,
Aſſiſtance ſought from them, unleſs He'd give
In Pawn, for it, His own Prerogative;
And againſt Natures, Laws, ceaſe to Defend,
An only Brother, and a Faithful Friend.
He muſt Exclude him from the *Engliſh* Crown;
That when Great *York* they once had Tumbled down,
They might ſet up an *Idol* of their own:
Whom if they cannot Mannage to their Wills,
And make Him Authoriſe unheard of ill:
They'l without ſcruple hurl him head-long down,
And Tearing from his Brows the Totter'd Crown;
Each will be *King*, and ſet it on his own.
Amongſt *Five Hundred* Men, ſome few there were,
That durſt for *Loyalty* and *Truth* declare;
That durſt the KING's Prerogative Maintain,
'Gainſt Mighty *Machivel*, and all his Train:

But once diſcover'd, they like common Foes
Or Spies, upon the Actions of the Houſe,
Are firſt made Kneel before the Bar, and then
Shut from th'Aſſembly of thoſe King-like Men.
Our Loyalliſts ſuch Principles deſpiſe,
Are ſtill Contriving how their *King* may riſe,
How they may make Him Powerful and Great,
And in full Splendour keep his Royal Seat;
Still Acting what their chearful words expreſs,
Whilſt each of them performs a whole Addreſs.
Oh! May they ſtill perſiſt in doing well,
Till there be no Tongue left their Deeds to tell;
That they who did in this their King Regard,
May in the other World meet their Reward.

The Clubb of Royaliſts.

COme *Gangmede*, and fill each Glaſs with Wine,
Let each *Muſe* Drink her ſhare, then fill up mine:
I with the *Nine* will Revell all this Night,
Till CHARLES his Health bring back the Morning Light.
But hold a little, Whether am I gone?
What need I Run ſo far as *Helicon?*
Whilſt Riding on each Beam, the Sun doth bear
As *Loyal* Drinkers, as the *Muſes* are:
For they I fear have caught th'infection too,
Since their own Sons bravely themſelves undoe:
For one who formerly ſtood Candidate,
For Wit and Senſe, with Men of Higheſt Rate:
Apoſtatizes from his former Acts,
And from his own *Cambyſes* Fame detracts.
No more in Verſe his Mighty Talent ſhows,
But Libels *Princes* with Malitious Proſe.
This Man in *Cornhil* if you chance to Meet;
Or near the Middle of *Threadneedle-Street:*
Know 'tis to pay his Homage to the *Sun*,
Or rather to the Hot-Brain'd *Phaethon*,
Whom *Ovid* blames; but he does more commend,
Adviſing ſtraight the Charriot to Aſcend.
What? Though the World once more were ſet on Fire,
Shall his Young *Heroe* bawk his great Deſire?
No, let the Head-ſtrong Youth his Steeds drive on,
Tread on his Fathers Counſels, and his Throne.
I envy not thoſe Happy Men that Ride
With him in's Guilded Coach, my Humble Pride
Delires no Courſer, but a Hoggs-heads Back,
where Mounted with a Bowl of Sparkling Sack.
With *Villers, Capel, Cooper*, and the reſt,
I'le Drink Confuſion to each *Caballiſt*.
Damn their *Sun-Tavern* Clubbs; but hold, my Rage
Condemns the onely Honeſt Men of th'Age:
The trueſt *Patriots England* 'ere did breed,
Who Viper like, on their own Mother feed;
Tear up her Bowels with a baſe pretence,
Of feigned Piety and Conſcience:
Good Gentlemen, How careful are they grown,
To ſuppreſs *Papiſts*, and ſubvert the Throne?
They for Religion ſtrive, but Wiſe Men know,
From whence their greateſt Diſcontents do flow.
Zeal for the Good Old Cauſe enflames their Breaſt,
But the chief Fuell's, private Intereſt.

Elkanah Settle who writt it. & yt character of a popish Succeſſor.

Duke of Monmouth.

Duke Buckingham
Earl of Eſſex.
Earl of Shaftsbury

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